A Polite Man's Dilemma.

Now and then the passengers on our little bob-tail cars are treated to an amusing incident, but one which happened last week rather goes ahead of anything we have heard in some time.

Much has been said and written upon the inconvenience to which the patrons of this style of vehicle are subjected; yet people continue to ride in them, and it was through the mistaken politeness of a gentleman in acting as conductor which was the cause of all his misfortunes.

Starting to go down town, he had reached Seventeenth Street when one of the little three-cent cars jogging by suggested the idea of getting aboard instead of walking all the way. Acting upon this thought he hailed it, and found on seating himself and making a survey of finances that he possessed the requisite fare, three cents, "only that and nothing more," which he proceeded to drop into the box. So far so good. With a sigh of relief he settled himself in one corner of the car and prepared for a peaceful ride, there being besides himself only one other occupant, a man deeply engrossed in reading a newspaper. Scarcely had he ridden a block when the vehicle came to a halt, and a fair young damsel entered. Our friend, who is a gentleman of the old school, and susceptible at all times to beauty in any form, more particularly so when that beauty is embodied in the person of a young lady, here arose, and bowing politely, said: "Permit me, madam, to pass your fare." At the same time, without looking at the coin given him, dropped it into the box, and once more seated himself. The young lady moved uneasily, blushed a little, and then, leaning forward ventured: "That was a ten cent piece I gave you and the fare is only three."

"Is that really so? I beg a thousand pardons. Here, driver," getting up and hastily pushing open the door between himself and that personage, "I have made a mistake and dropped ten cents into the box in place of three. It belonged to this lady there. How can I get it out?"

"Get it out! You can't get it out at all. It'll just have to stay there. You can ride it out, if you like. There ain't no other way, unless," he added, with an unfeeling chuckle, "you expect me to crawl down through that hole and get it for you."

Here the driver, overcome with his own wit, closes the door with a bang, and clapping his sturdy self, ejaculates: "A putty fellow I look, to crawl into a ticket-box!"

Perplexed at the situation, annoyed at his own stupidity, yet outwardly all smiling politeness, our friend here turned saying:

"Madame, the mistake was mine—a very stupid one, I acknowledge—yet it is not right that you should suffer. You will permit me to return to you the seven cents," at the same time painfully conscious that he had not a single penny about him.

"O, no; I wouldn't think of such a thing. I am sorry, but it can't be helped now."

"Madame, I insist. Allow me," making a deep and exhaustive survey of every pocket about him in the vain hope of catching somewhere a stray coin. It is of no use; the money is not there, and his hands not possessing that Midas power of turning all they touch into gold, it is not forthcoming. Here a feeble little voice says:

"Well, since you insist upon it, of course——"

"I do insist upon it; I insist upon it most emphatically."

What is to be done. Already the great beads of perspiration stand out upon his forehead, and every time he opens his mouth only seems to plunge him deeper in the mire. An idea suddenly strikes him, and leaning over to him of the newspaper, whispers in his ear: "Lend me seven cents, quick, to pay the lady."

The man who all this time had given no heed to what was passing rouses up with a start, and saying in a voice distinctly audible even to the horse outside. "Seven cents! Bless my soul, I don't believe I have it about me," looking up with that dazed expression of a person whose thoughts have gone a long journey.

"O! I beg you will not disturb yourself over such a trifle. Do not borrow the money, indeed, it is not of the slightest consequence."

By this time our friend had reached a state of scarlet misery pitiable to behold that stage in which it makes one warm even to look at them. There is nothing for him to say, nothing that will not add to his present embarrassment, so he wisely takes refuge in silence, watching with eager interest the game of chase in which his fellow passenger is engaged after the required seven cents.

Ah! at length it is fished out and handed to the young lady, and he breathes again. But now the problem of how to pay the man suggests itself.

Here feminine wit comes to the rescue, and the unfortunate cause of all the trouble suggests he be paid by taking the fare of the next two passengers who got in, and by that way he will be the loser of a penny only. This plan is discussed, and finally submitted to the driver, who giving it his approbation, they once more settle down to wait the unconscious liquidation of the debt. Pretty soon they get in together, a lady and a gentleman. Out of his pocket comes the six cents and he starts for the box. Here our friend jumps up, and extending his hand, takes the fare, which, to the gentleman's astonishment, he puts, not into the box, but into the hand of his friend.

The newcomer looks for a moment dumbfounded, then striding over, catches him by the collar, excitedly ejaculating: "Here, none of that! That game is too old to go down. Just hand that money over!"

At this crisis the lethargic apathy of despair settles upon the unfortunate victim of politeness, and he neither moves or utters a sound. The young lady and the newspaper man here start forward as champions, and with the aid of the driver, who is called to testify as to the perfect honesty of all persons concerned, an understanding is at length reached, and the little farce of "Much Ado About Nothing" comes to an end.

It is safe to say a more uncomfortable car load of passengers have seldom been thrown together. And as our friend left the scene of so much misery—to his credit, be it said, with an imperturbable countenance—he eagerly made three resolutions: Never, except under the most pressing circumstances, to act as conductor; secondly, no matter how sure he may feel of the value of a coin, to examine it on all sides before dropping it into the box, and lastly, never under any circumstances to set foot again in a three-cent bob-tail car. —*Washington Post.*

The United States Supreme Court.

Talking of the Supreme Court is a reminder of the complaints that lawyers make about the bad manners of the bench. Arbitrary power, which its possessor expects to exercise during his life, is not conductive to politeness, and nowhere is this better illustrated than on the Supreme bench of the United States.

"What do you say, sir?" asked one of the Justices the other day to a very prominent lawyer from one of the great cities of the great West.

"I say," answered the lawyer, and then he repeated a legal proposition which he had been making when he was interrupted.

"Well, sir," said the Justice, "if you mean to state such a proposition as a proposition of law, it is the most astonishing thing I ever heard of. It is worthy of the bar of ——," naming the lawyer's city.

The lawyer grew angry, and defended his local bar from the aspersion, but all the comfort he received was a growling assurance that nothing personal had been intended.

The incident is only a sample of what is constantly going on in the court-room. The lawyers often have a hard time in their dealings with the court, and the worst of it all is that the Justices have the advantage popularly supposed to be possessed by the preachers—their hearers cannot answer back, at least, answering back might be detrimental to the interests of their clients.

Sometimes the lawyers give the Judges cause enough for an exhibition of bad manners. One of the funniest scenes that the court-room ever saw was a display of temper by the usually placid Justice Bradley. Ordinarily briefs are bound in paper, and the Judge was in the habit of folding up his copy with the papers for convenience of carrying the bundle. Once a magniloquent party from New Orleans made his appearance in a case involving a claim of his own. He had had his brief elegantly printed and bound in stiff boards. When his time came to speak he began reading: "When the bonny blue flag went down before the stars and stripes——"

There was a rustle of outraged dignity among the silken gowns, and each Judge picked up his briefs. Justice Bradley looked at the stiff boards, and his dark face grew darker with wrath. He made a great show in trying to fold up the book, and then, with an explosive epithet, which the court heard but did not heed, he ripped the book to pieces and threw it under the table. Perhaps it may not be necessary to add that the claimant did not win his case.

The bar here is looking for an outburst from Justice Gray. His Massachusetts reputation has come here before him. His tirades against trembling deputy sheriffs and frightened witnesses have been told about over and over again. Only two lawyers in Boston have been able to turn the table on him. One was Henry E. Payne and the other Sidney Bartlett.

"If your honor please," said Payne one day, beginning a motion.

"Sit down, sir; don't you see I am talking with another Justice!" thundered the then Chief-Justice.

Mr. Payne took his hat and walked out of the court-room. A half hour afterwards a messenger reached his office with a note saying that Judge Gray was willing to hear him. "I am not willing to be heard," answered the old lawyer, "until Judge Gray apologizes." And apologize the Judge had to.

"Mr. Bartlett," said the Chief-Justice one afternoon, throwing himself back in his chair, "that is not law and it never was law."

The veteran smiled, and looking over the bench said: "It was law, your honor, until your honor just spoke."—*Washington Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

An Italian Breakfast.

At nine o'clock comes breakfast—and such a breakfast! It is served table de hote style. The bill of fare this morning was as follows, plates being changed of course, for every article of food:

1. Macaroni, with cheese, in long, snake-like pieces. The Italians ate it, lifting up a spoonful, catching it with their lips, and chewing it as they sucked it into their mouths, the ends hanging down to their chins at the start. Each officer took several spoonfuls, and the whole looked like a pile of white fish-worms on his plate.

2. A bologna sausage-like mixture cut into slices, and served with radishes. The Italians dipped the latter into a mixture of sweet oil and vinegar before eating them.

3. The next course was boiled beef and salad. I don't know how the beef was cooked, but it was greasy. The salad was eaten swimming in oil.

4. Next, cauliflower, much larger and better than American produce, served in cream.

5. Chicken, roasted and saturated with grease.

6. Jerusalem artichokes, eaten raw in oil and vinegar.

The desert, consisting of doughnuts fried in grease, cheese, then apples, oranges, figs and raisins.

Besides these, and in place of coffee, each plate had a bottle of wine beside it, and all drank liberally. A fine breakfast, indeed, and our dinner will be much like unto it. The only difference will be coffee at the end and an extra plate. Dinner comes at five o'clock, and these two meals make up the day's rations. The biscuit and tea at nine o'clock can hardly be called a meal. I don't like such feeding. The Italians grow fat upon it; but the grease in it will make an American's liver as torpid as a snake in the winter.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

—The man in Fine Arts, who said that "the Nile had two annual inundations each year," probably had walk through the college yard without overshoes.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Noblesse Oblige.

It has been said that if you wish to learn whether caste survives in any given country you should look to its usages of marriage. Now, the first cause of the isolation of the titled classes in France is their practice in marrying among themselves. Marriages with the rest of the nation are very rare and always of one kind—the son of a noble marries sometimes the daughter of a man of the other classes, the daughter of such a man marries a noble almost never. And to the isolation caused by non-intermarriage is added the social isolation produced by special pursuits. Nothing seems more capricious to a foreign observer than the choice of professions and employments by the sons of a Legitimist family. The Legitimist will go into the army, and he will take a small clerkship in the office of a railway company. But he will only serve the Government in certain special capacities, and he will have nothing to do with trade. These prejudices do not exclude considerable virtues and considerable services to French society. The titled land owners of France, who still hold a much larger portion of the soil than is commonly supposed in this country, have been the great improvers of French agriculture, and much of the development of the enormous natural wealth of France is attributable to them. Their private virtues have been deposed to by great authorities. The late Mr. J. S. Mill, who lived much in France, is known to have had a very high opinion of his Legitimist neighbors, and even to have gone the length of saying that, if you wanted to find a Frenchman who habitually spoke the truth and was honest in all his dealings, you should search for a Legitimist noble. But all this has invariably been coupled with great ignorance and strong prejudices. The insane speculation of many months is best expressed by the repressed energy of a class voluntarily excluding itself from a large field of employment and by its ignorant contempt for regular and honest trade. It cannot exactly be said of a French noble that he cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed. The fact is that, if very poor, he would willingly dig or live on the charity of his relatives. But nothing would induce him to mix himself with the usual occupations of the bourgeoise. Unfortunately for himself, though he may not trade, he does not derogate from his position by trafficing in the stock and shares which ought to represent trade. If these ladies and gentlemen had once understood that the constant buying of shares could no more go on indefinitely than the constant purchase of shoes, stockings or furniture for resale at a profit, they might have escaped their present misfortunes.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

An American Sinbad.

Mr. Peter Hevener, who represents the Cochet and Landreau guano claims, and who is accused of passing off his own son as the son of Cochet in order to enforce that claim, is a typical specimen of the adventurous American, who, like Sinbad, the sailor, goes all over the world to make money, and comes home to tell about it. Thirty years ago he was in San Francisco, not lucky, disgusted, disappointed. So he drifted to Australia and started a mill and a stage coach company, which, as it looks to him now, was "only a few thousands for six months' work and that was too slow."

In 1852 he stepped over to Peru. There was at that time but one railroad in Peru, and, although he didn't know a thing about railroads, he was confident he could fill a contract for one; in fact he "never saw a piece of work he did not feel equal to." The Peruvians had no taste for business and admired a man with his big ideas. So he got a contract for a nine-mile railroad and a $500,000 reservoir. About this time he became acquainted with Cochet and Landreau, two French chemists, who had claims for several hundred millions against the Peruvian Government, for the discovery of guano. Cochet gave up the attempt to collect his claims, and went back to France; while Landreau remained and worried the lives out of the Peruvian officials, in demanding his $200,000,000. He lived in a room which had not been cleaned for sixteen years. The den was in an alley which, for fear of his papers being stolen, he allowed no one to enter. Cobwebs hung from the walls like bunches of Spanish moss, and stuffed specimens of birds, animals and reptiles, covered with dust, filling the intervening space. Hevener advanced him money and pushed his claims. It was hard work. The officials were sick of the sight of him, and probably became sick of the sight of Hevener also; but they have never yet paid those claims.

Hevener, however, does not seem to have been the kind of a man to wait until Providence and the Peruvians found it convenient to pay guano claims. If he could not collect two or three hundred millions in a few days, he was not above turning an honest penny at what lay nearest to him. Discovering that in 1819 some hard-pressed bandits preferred driving a pack of mules laden with half a million of silver headlong over a cliff into the sea, rather than suffer it to be captured by the troops, Hevener chartered a boat and rigged machinery for the purpose of recovering the treasure. But instead of taking the silver out, he himself was taken in. He found only $2,000 worth of bars, and concluding that the winds and waves had carried mules and silver to an unknown distance from the cliff, he gave up further search after spending $40,000. However, the next two years he did something really worthy of himself in building railroads, tunnels and bridges. He went and got his note-book for the year 1859 to show to the reporter of the *Philadelphia Times*, but was a little disappointed that the total paid him by the Peruvian Government for that year did not foot up as much as he thought it would. It only reached $1,530,000.

After this business slacked up somewhat, and having nothing on hand but a mill, the guano claims and a little $50,000 in nitrate, he set sail for New York, bought $75,000 worth of machinery in order to build the biggest saw-mill in South America. While in New York he heard that Governor Sanford, of California, was just beginning to ship kerosene oil to Peru, where they used nothing but candles. He could have kicked himself for not thinking of oil years before. However, he said: "If he takes all I will take lamps." So, as freight was charged on the cubic foot, he filled in all the spaces around and between his machinery with lamps and wicking. He bought two chandeliers for $60 as a tribute to the character of the Peruvian officials, intending to present them to the President and Vice-President, as a bribe for the monopoly of supplying them with oil and lamps for twenty years. But Sanford was at Lima nine days ahead of him, and got from the Peruvian Legislature what Hevener hoped to bribe from the Executive. "I did not give those chandeliers to the President and Vice President," he says, "but sold them for $500." His lamp speculation was very profitable. A lamp, bought in New York for sixty or seventy-five cents, retailed at Lima at $15 or $20. In two months he persuaded the Legislature to annul Sanford's privilege, bought him out for $200,000 and had control of the entire coal oil business of the country. He lit five cities, had seven retail lamp stores, ran his mill and was filling contracts and oil cans day and night, right and left.

In 1864 "the Spaniards came sweeping down to Peru, whaling everything right and left." An American engineer and himself took a contract to build a ram. They covered an old war vessel with railroad iron, and although Hevener never saw a cannon except as they lay around the forts, he made up his mind he could rifle a cannon as well as the next man. He took the smooth bores, rifled them, "and that old ram just walked out among them Spaniards and walloped the life out of them right in the harbor." There are still due him $30,000 on this contract, but this "is only a trifle."

After this he bought Cochet's claim from Cochet's son outright and Landreau got $9,000,000 assigned him on his claims, but he was never paid a penny. In 1870 the Government hired an assassin to kill Landreau, and one morning he was found lying on his doorstep, his skull fractured and a knife wound in his hip. He did not die, but when excited he "cuts up just like that fellow Guiteau."

Among other schemes Hevener undertook was an elevated wire railroad across 400 miles of desert to the nitre deposits, which are brought on the backs of mules. He built nineteen miles at a cost of $40,000, but the muleteers, jealous of machinery, destroyed it all in a single night. Subsequently a company of Frenchmen spent $1,685,000 in building a pipe line to pump the nitre in liquid form. The experiment succeeded. They pumped three hours and then stopped to mend a belt. The liquid nitrate congealed, and no power could ever get a flow through those pipes again. They picked up their baggage and walked away. The pipes are there now.

Mr. Hevener is a remarkable specimen of the American money-making adventurer, who has scarcely his parallel even in the wonderful Sinbad and the caravan merchants of the Arabian Nights.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Flogging An Indian.

One rainy afternoon, five or six Oregon pioneers were seated around a rusty old stove, gossiping about old times. One of them told the story of a first settler of Cornvallis, Benton County, who came into the country about 1845. There were plenty of Indians in the valley Klick-i-tats and Calapooyas, and only two or three white families. The old man used to leave home for a week at a time to work in Oregon City. He had to walk the sixty miles there and back and pack flour and bacon on his back.

"Did the Indians show themselves at the cabin while he was gone?"

"Once a pack of them went to the cabin and were very saucy, finding only the old lady at home. They crowded into the house and began to help themselves to whatever they could lay their hands upon, but the old lady took the ax and made them clear out.

"When the old man came home she told him about it. He kept out of sight, and in a day or two back came the Indians. The redskin they called the Chief came into the cabin and began to lay hold of anything he fancied. Then the old man walked quietly into the doorway with his rifle on his arm. He looked the Chief up and down, and then said to his wife:

"'Do you see that bunch of twigs over the fire-place? You take them and go through that fellow while the twigs hold together!'

"He then made a step toward the Indian, and said: 'You raise a finger against that woman, and I'll take you in hand.'

"The old lady took the twigs and used them lustily on the Indian's back. She actually beat him around the house until there wasn't a whole twig in the bunch.

"You should have seen the crowd of wenty or thirty Indians standing there, fairly in ecstasies of laughter to see the white squaw flog the chief. He made the quickest time on record back to their camp as soon as she let him go, and that crowd never bothered that cabin again."
—*Youth's Companion.*

A Camel Race.

In the interior of Australia camels have for some time past been used as beasts of burden. The Australian, however, is not only a good man of business, but a keen sportsman as well, and especially fond of a race meeting. Thus it came about the other day that on the arrival at Thargomindah of a troop of eighteen camels laden with merchandise some of the enterprising townsmen arranged for a race between five of the fleetest of the "ships of the desert." They were ridden by light weights—two of them being jockeys well known to the sporting public in the neighboring township of Wilcannia—and the only stipulation made was that the prize of fifteen pounds should be handed over by the winner of the trustees of the fund for fencing the cemetery! A level start was effected, but the camel ridden by one Bond made all the running, and won in a "canter" by four lengths. One of the "ships" is reported to have laid down at the back of the course, and, "his steering gear getting out of order," he could not be piloted straight afterward. Thus not only is Thargomindah entitled to the credit, if any, of having promoted the first camel race in Australia, but also to the exceptional credit of having devoted racing stakes to a praiseworthy object.—*The Colonies and India.*

—Prosperity makes a fool weaker and a wise man stronger, and adversity does the same.

For Young Readers.

ASKING WHY.

The very oddest boy I know
Is Robin Adair, with his head of tow,
And his brave, bright eyes, where the questions grow.

For this very strange boy is asking why,
From the time that morning paints the sky
Till the sleepless stars look out at night:

Why does Jack's kite stay up in the sky?
It has no wings, and yet it can fly—
And sister says wishes go just as high.

Why is oatmeal healthy and candy good?
Is it always naughty to do as you would?
And would you be an angel if you could?

This rose was a bud, and why did it burst?
This bird was an egg, and which came first,
The egg or the bird? and how was it nursed?

What is the wind? and where does it stay;
When it hushes itself and creeps away?
Is it crying or singing? and what does it say?

Why does the sun sleep back of the trees
At home when in summer he takes his ease
All night in the rocking bed of the seas?

Why is it bad for boys to fight?
And for soldier-men so brave and right?
Why do I love you best at night?

Why do the oaks and elms stand tall,
And the apple trees do the work for all
With their gnarled old branches ready to fall?

Why does a great, strong gentleman ride
In a carriage, pretty, and soft and wide,
And a tired old woman walk by the side?

Ah! Robin, I'll neither laugh nor cry;
But I'll tell you a secret, deep and high:
The grown-up children keep asking why.

And the answers are somewhere safe and fair
Beyond the stars and the star-lit air
For men and women and Robin Adair.

—*Fannie E. Robinson, in Wide Awake.*

UNSELFISH.

"Look out for number one, my boy," said his father, as the baby held up his bread-and-milk for mamma to eat.

"That's what he never will do," laughed mamma. "He'd far rather look out for number two. Not a spoonful will he take till he holds it up for me to taste."

Just as mamma had taken her sip, baby caught sight of papa's curling beard and laughing eyes. Holding up the spoon to him, he made a little coaxing sound.

"The generous darling!" said mamma. "Number two and number three both come before number one in your arithmetic; don't they, baby?"

"We'll name him 'Number One,'" said aunty, from her easy-chair in the corner; and ever after that she playfully called him "Number One," although he soon had another name. Aunty had a way of proving that her choice of a name was a good one however. For, as baby grew older, his father was continually repeating the saying: "Look out for number one;" but it was with a proud feeling that his boy never could be selfish after all. He was so forgetful of self that he always thought of all other numbers before number one.

He chopped kindlings for mamma as cheerfully as if it were the best fun in the world; and often and often he scoured the knives, or even washed the dishes, if she did not feel well. He helped papa in many other ways. His sick aunty called herself "number four," for she came in for a large share of his loving thoughtfulness.

As Number One grew older, he had a darling baby sister, number five. Then, by-and-by, came number six and seven—another sister and a brother.

How could Number One look out for himself, when there began to be so many other numbers?

He kept finding out new numbers, too. There were Grandpa and Grandma Gray, Grandma Eaton, and aunts, uncles and cousins—so many that, when he counted the numbers, they went all the way from number eight to number forty-seven. He did not see them all every day, to be sure; in fact, some of them lived so far away that the visits were few and far between. But when they did meet, they were all sure to feel very soon that Number One was not looking out for himself, but wished rather to make them happy.

Number Forty-eight was poor old Darby, who had to sit in his chair from morning till night, year in and year out—poor, lame and blind! How Number One did delight to carry him a pailful of mother's broth, and perhaps sit and read a psalm to comfort him!

By-and-by he was strong enough to shovel snow for Miss Patty, who lived in the lane close by, or to dig up her little patch of a garden in spring-time. So aunty called her Number Forty-nine.

Then there were numbers fifty and fifty-one—Tom Hanson and his little brother. They had never a sled to their names. How could Number One help lending them his for a ride every other time? True, Dick Jones and Jack Harvey didn't lend theirs; but perhaps they didn't think. Yet, somehow, Number One did think, and he couldn't enjoy his all by himself, seeing the little fellows look on with such hungry eyes.

And so the numbers kept adding up day after day, and year after year. At first, aunty kept account to amuse herself in her weary hours of sickness; but by-and-by there were so many that she gave it up.

"I believe there never was a more unselfish boy," she said; "and he's the happiest boy I know of, too."

The numbers counted up pretty fast when Number One grew to be a man; for he was married, and had boys of his own. But he often thought how much he should love a little daughter; and he soon found out a way to add two new numbers to his list. A poor woman died, leaving twin girlies without father or mother, and Number One adopted them. He took them to his home, where his wife was all ready to welcome them. The twins were old enough to remember their own dear mamma; but before long they found that they loved their new mamma and papa just as much. Their names were Catherine and Tabitha; but their new papa called them Kitty and Pussy, for short. In a few years they were old enough to go to boarding-school.

When they came home for their first vacation, they found that papa had added a new number—a splendid great tabby-cat, with yellow eyes. He had been sent out to sail on the harbor in a basket, by some cruel boy; and their papa, standing on the wharf, had heard him crying, and saved him from a watery grave.

"I've named him Moses," he said, "because I took him from the water. He pays me well by catching mice."

The next day was papa's birthday, and Kitty and Pussy [illegible] him. As they were talking [illegible] together, Kitty said: "[illegible] Puss, I always want to do something my very own self for papa. He's so good to us, and to everybody. I do believe everybody loves him. Even Moses purrs on his knee, and catches mice for him; but all we can do is to buy something for him with the money that he gives us."

"Oh no!" said Pussy, "that isn't all. We can try to please him every day, and I'm sure he will understand from that how much we love him."

"But then I want to say it somehow, and not just act it out," said Kitty. "Oh! I know what I'll do, I'll write him a birthday note."

Half an hour after, Pussy was just putting the last stitch in the pretty watch-hook which was to be her gift, when Kitty held out the note for her to read.

"That's nice," said Pussy. "And I'll add a little."

Then they folded the note, wrote upon the outside, "For Papa's Birthday," and placed it with their gifts under his plate at table. When he opened it, he read:

"He stood alone upon the wharf;
A wail came o'er the water.
'Can that be Moses' voice?' he cried.
'Then I'll play Pharaoh's daughter.'
And lightly springing to a boat,
He rowed to reach the casket.
But lo! 'twas only tabby-cat,
In cast-off butchers' basket.
Now tabby-cats catch mice and rats—
Thus daily doeth Moses;
But Kitty Cat, who can't do that,
Her love in rhyme discloses,
With many sincere pur-r-rs, KITTY CAT."

"Next Pussy Cat, with grateful pur-r-rs,
A birthday greeting adds to hers;
And wishes every day to try
To show her love. So now good-bye.
Purringly, PUSSY CAT."

When papa first began to read he smiled, but soon the tears came into his eyes, and he put his arms around both little daughters, and told them how sure he was that they loved him as he loved them.

Say, boys and girls, would you wish to be loved by every one? Then don't be so careful to look out for number one, but think of the other numbers first.—*Lilian Payson, in S. S. Times.*

"Faithful in Little."

"O mamma!" she said, looking up with flushed face; "there is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father; kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm 'most ten years old, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly! and custard, and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger-cake, some day. Won't you please to go, mamma?"

"I don't think I could be coaxed to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The mother of that little girl in the book, probably, knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting, and fly to the gate, if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least."

"Mamma!" said Emma, with surprise and indignation in her voice. "Why do you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?"

"Haven't I tried you, dear? Do you know it is just three-quarters of an hour since I sent you to dust the sitting-room and put everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books, tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys on the table; while my little girl reads a story about another little girl who helped her mother."

"O, well," said Emma, her cheeks very red, "that is different; nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do, like keeping house for papa, you would see how hard I would work; I wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything."

"Emma, dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken."

"Mamma," said Emma, again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised.

"They certainly do—listen: 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.'

"And once he said to a man: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you this morning."—*Pansy.*

One of Guiteau's "Admirers."

A woman signing herself Clara Augusta Davis, of Hoboken, N. J., wrote thirteen pages to Guiteau telling him that if money could get him out of jail she would free him. She also sent him a picture of a handsome, intelligent woman, addressed to "my poor, dear, persecuted friend." She told her feelings for him, and described her fainting away when the verdict was announced. Scoville with some trouble hunted her up, and found that she only wanted Guiteau's replies as souvenirs. So he withheld her letter from the assassin, who, when he heard of it, by means of another letter from her, was furious, and when Scoville entered his cell began abusing him violently.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Queen Victoria's monument to the late Lord Beaconsfield has been erected in the Hughenden Church. It bears the following: "This memorial is placed here by a grateful and affectionate sovereign and friend, Victoria. 'The Kings love him that speaketh right.'"

—According to the Philadelphia *Record*, fifty tons of sand are passed daily through the water-pipes of the city. This gives each resident a pound of solid matter in his water every week. The tax-payers will probably object to this method of improving the navigation of the upper Schuylkill.